Sat. 1 a.m.

NOV 5 1944

Dear Father,

Will you listen closely to what I say - I really dont know how to begin so I hope our dearest Lord makes it very clear to you - Helen was very much worried with this last sick spell that I had - she cant understand me (neither can I) that I should run such a high fever then a few min after calling you to suddenly get well then to be able to work all the day following etc she's just puzzled — I think moreover she is a little disappointed in me - & she is terribly worried about finances - she has not taken a penny from me for weeks & now I am broke - She planned on going to see you last wednesday but was unable to - she was going to ask you if you would ask your lawyer friend to keep me & she threatened if I didnt do so very soon she was going to

Now father, if your friend wishes to keep me well and good - I know that I am not very well able to work - the Bros. cannot keep me so I guess it's wholly up to God — I would

like to remain near dear — but I absolutely will not live in her house and accept her bedroom — Some things are fine in theory but do not work out in practical life — there are certain reasons I shall explain when I see you She really needs the store now — I am living in it — She is not well, she must work, she has not enough now to stock the shop & under present conditions I am unable to work or give her anything for room & board —

I believe she feels I'm proud & stubborn not to accept the place from your friend personally I am in God's hands & I do not know what to think — I wish God would take me home if I am to continue this way no matter how kind and charitable people are they get tired of a quiggler — Delia has very queer ideas — & I see I cannot see her much more — no matter what happens I try always to accept it as God's holy will but Delia cannot understand how a loving God would inflict so much suffering on one he loves — probably sometimes my face shows too much & she knows how extremely weak I am — I would

be much better alone — I can take it if it gets no worse — But Father, why should I consider myself a victim when others suffer so much more than I? I know I am not like the majority of people, even very good people because I don't think as they do — I guess I am just absolutely funny peculiar — you know I really ought to die because I truly do not belong to this world — I cannot understand how beautiful creatures, created to God's image and likeness can be so crude, so sick minded so filthy, I cannot understand so many things connected with humans — father, I guess I'm really not normal or something Mama & my angels spoiled me & I cannot be different they started me off wrong to live in a world of humans — if you feel your price would do anything — once father dear think it over I wish I could just pay room & board to delia she is in such a tight spot — it would clear the air — I realize & understand

that she is almost desperate — she may also fear that she will be burdened with me — & she is now too weak or strong hungry — so I will remain with her if I can until this separation is ended and she gets to work and settled please pray hard for her cause she is very anemic & has to take a great deal of blood medicine besides the suffering and weakness — which to her is most depressing. — I find she is inclined to be moody & she keeps me upset without knowing it — she is at present very changeable has been since I know her but its more noticeable now — she's sweet when she has plenty of money & is well —

Now, father dear, I'd appreciate help but I'm not entitled to it — and it is in Gods hands — probably I'll soon get well again, pray that I do — so I can repay Pedro if nothing else —

I hope you are well dear father I hate to bother you I know you

have plenty of your own troubles

May our dear sweet Jesus be awfully good to you — I don't pray much but I ask him to help you in every way —

It was most edifying at the same mass yesterday — two priest were giving H. Com. they ran out of consecrated hosts & Fr. Murphy had to break the remaining hosts twice then the other priest had to go to the convent & bring a ciborium from there — the 3rd I hugged our divine Lord to bless and help them all and to give them courage & understanding because believe me father dear the people of the world have much to contend with, which people like you never dream of — I am working tonight — there is a very cruel nurse here who took my place — she is brutal —

Good night dear Fr & God bless and help you may our sweet mother & her divine babe give you all you want

humbly yours

if possible I will try & see you tues. if that not convenient please let me know

J.M. + J.T.

Sunday - Nov 5, 1944

Dear Father,

I am writing in my note-book very much less than formerly, partly because what I would say would only be a repetition of what you already know + also because often my pain of soul blacks out all desire to even speak of it. I know quite well it is only the beginning of what must be endured, but for the present it seems quite ample. I am not complaining - in fact it astonishes me how much calm + peace I have in the face of it + how willing my spirit is all the while my nature suffers. It is my spirit that is really suffering + it seems quite resigned + holds itself aloof from nature.

Since I have known you so much has cleared up. My former directors would not use, nor allow me to ~~you~~ use, standard mystical expressions. One of them did not even know nor understand them. So out of obedience + with what little humility I could muster I, too, avoided the use of them. Hence, when I read I dared not apply it to myself without direction. You have applied it, + now all that I have read, all that I read now, is so very clear.

St. Teresa especially has helped me much -

now she becomes wholly clear + most consoling. For several years I have tried to explain to my directors + even to myself what it is that God does for me, + the last time I saw you I told you I was certain that most of the time it was inebriation. Chapter XVI of St. Teresa's autobiography is an exact account of what I experience + have experienced for several years. Of late it is more frequent + more intense – it is the same grace, however.

Last evening I was reading her account of what I presume was her night of the soul in Chap. XXX beginning with Par. 9. Most of it I now experience when night settles over me. The same feeling of incapacity for any good – the same clouded understanding and blotting out of the memory of God and His goodness + graces to me, the same lack of anything to distract or comfort me. Before, under trial I sought consolation from my confessor, or in books etc. Now I usually don't even try that as it's hopeless + I know it. What is there to say, other than to explain my interior + even that is often more painful than silence? What is there to do except bear it willingly + well with full confidence in God's love? That is all anyone can tell me + only God can lift the cloud in His good time + when He wills. Is this me talking?

You have reason to stop right here + thank God for so much grace, as it is such a long far cry from the Agnes of even two months ago.

We spoke of my home life + the suffering my duty versus my spiritual life has caused. I want you to know even more. Silently, without any comment I am watched. I have been under strict observation for five years + the torture it causes me only God knows. God allowed me to make the fatal mistake several years ago of telling my husband a little of my "insides". He came to this conclusion: I was either too holy for him to ever again touch or I was quite "nuts". He finally gave up both of those conclusions after I had suffered about all a sensitive person like I could suffer + now I think he has decided that religion for me is a "hobby" + an outlet + that I overdo it a good deal. However, in the last year he has shown a new respect both for me + for his religion that did not before exist. I mean a respect for my views as he has always respected, loved + cherished me very devotedly. He is a very good man but totally unconversant or read on spirituality other than the third grade catechism. You know the kind. The very salt of the earth but the sort of good people who make souls like mine suffer from lack

of the faintest understanding. We simply never speak of that which is most important to me. We have an ideal home & never an argument. There simply remains between us an un-opened book, a closed subject. I get a verbal slap many times a week which I pass unnoticed. My absences each day go totally unexplained & I suffer because I cannot explain that I leave to pray in peace. I do not neglect any duty to do so & he does not object, but still it would be such heaven to be understood. It is one small piece of my constant Purgatory for which I am grateful. It is hard on him also, because he is so completely mistaken. He consults me & asked my help and advice on every business venture, thinks I am a perfect wife, home-maker & mother & sings my praises long & loud when I don't hear him, but behind it all is that un-spoken bewilderment. Then there are the times - awful weeks - when I am tempted to believe that if I devoted less time to God I could do more for my family. Times when I feel that because of my wilfulness in the matter I make them suffer. You see no one but my confessor actually can weigh & judge me & everyone else gets wrong ideas. There are many who think because they see me in church so much etc. (not because I say anything - I don't - & that is the greatest objection - I'm so absolutely non-committal about myself), that I am filled with pious vain glory. Others remark to me of my piety & I crawl

some like me but can't get intimate - + so it goes. All I want is to be left in peace to go my quiet way + the more quiet I become the more curious everyone becomes. You see I'm not the usual "pious" woman. I have fire + a business head. Externally I am much the woman of the world - up to a point - and that slopping place is what bothers people. Oh you must know all this as you have sized up the situation already. However, to you there is nothing odd. To the world I'm an enigma. They have decided I'm perfectly sane, even rather intelligent, + yet I want nothing of society other than charity demands. I have my faults - very noticable ones - and that rules out the holiness. How then explain me? You know + I know, but I can say nothing + that inability to even explain myself has been a heavy cross.

While I'm on the subject of marriage I'd like to ask you something. I hesitate, + yet I shouldn't - you are a priest + I your penitent and that makes any subject proper if any good may come from it. This is it - I have long wanted to deny myself, when possible, the natural satisfaction + pleasure of the "marriage act". No, I am not in any way suggesting that I deny my husband his full pleasure - only myself + I can do it. Fr. Madden refused to let me on the grounds that it is an act of love. For me, it is no act of love, but rather an act of charity + I want no sensual repayment for it. I don't love my husband

in the kind of way anymore + he doesn't even know it + he never will. The act is not repulsive to me - I'm a most natural woman, but for the love of God - to help increase that love + because the pleasure is so inconsistant with that love I want to deny it to myself. This may sound ridiculous but it is quite true -: many times my husband has had his full pleasure + knew nothing out of the way while I was in deep contemplation + prayer. That of course is a gift of God + I cannot produce it, but I can very subtly, + known only to myself, deny myself what my nature might crave. If I promise not to in any way lessen my husband's pleasure may I please have none of it myself? I see and understand the situation so much better than I can explain it + I know that what I want to do will in no way affect anyone except myself that I see no reason for a refusal except that I haven't made it clear.

This letter is getting long - forgive me. I can write you so much easier than I can talk. However, I forget what I write by the time I see you + so do you, + thereby I lose much in not having your replies. I come to you quite as much now for inspiration as for direction. You help me enormously by just talking to me of Our Lord, of God + the things of God. Please let me have that as I'm so hungry for it. You have helped me pray through Christ, in Him + with Him + He has helped to enlighten me. I had the germ of it, but it has grown a great deal.

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Please pray for me, very much in your charity as God alone knows the feeling of hopelessness + futility that grip my soul at times. The times when I see myself through other peoples eyes — judge myself as they judge me - feel silly + willful + illusioned. Feel there is nothing for me in heaven + less on earth. Feel the burden of my sins + my faults + my awful devastating misery that engulfs me. And yet I go on, blind and dumb and crippled spiritually + it takes prayers and grace to make it possible. Help me! This business of living in the world and aspiring to close union with God I often believe is much the hardest of all vocations. We have to live two completely different lives. We are dual personalities and yet both must fit the mould of God. The ordinary good Catholic life is hard enough — the mystical life is entirely impossible without great grace from God. To day I am worn + exhausted from temptation + desolation, tomorrow I may well be worn out from inebriation. It's either one or the other, + through it all I must pretend + hide it all from most curious people + behave all the time in a very normal natural way. Do I need prayers?

I expect + hope to see you a week from Tuesday. I'll call you first.

Gratefully in union with Christ,

Agnes.

St. Patrick Academy
Momence, Illinois

J.M.J.

November 6, 1944.

Rev. Aloysius Ellacuria, C.M.F.
Claretian Major Seminary,
Compton, California.

Rev. dear Father:

May I beg the favor of a special memento in your prayers? I am in deep trouble and I need the special light of the Holy Spirit to guide me through and keep me straight. I would appreciate your offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for me as soon as you can. I am including a stipend for a Mass to be offered for the repose of the soul of my father, William Thomas Shine, this to be offered as soon as convenient.

Since you are so far away, I feel that it is more or less selfish of me to bother you with my worries. How I wish that I might have the opportunity of talking things over with you! No doubt you would make me see that He is permitting everything - things which now seem so unjust and so unfair to me. My usual tendency to look upon the dark side of things at times causes me the same torture of soul as formerly. I am completely alone in this as I can turn to no one for help. My efforts to do so have proved futile and have only been the source of inconvenience and sorrow to them. I am trying to confide it all to Him Who is permitting it but I find it difficult to seeeven His permissive will in this. Please pray for me, Father, that I may not in a moment of disgust and discouragement, give up all that I have been striving for years to adquire.

You are remembered daily and constantly in my prayers. I know that you are very busy but I have prayed that God will enable you to find time to write. Asking your blessing and your prayers, I remain

Gratefully in Him

Sister Mary Dolores

Postmark Nov. 8-1944

Wednesday.

Dear Father,

I have been half tempted all day to give you a phone call just to ask your prayers. You probably would not approve and since my cries of pain, my weakness and lack of joy, will draw me a good scolding anyway, I am writing instead.

I am less + have less than any pagan. I am one seething cauldron of interior pain + I don't know why. It is not alone God's absence. It is much more than that. I want to say wild desperate things - things I must not say + things I do not mean. I know you have scant sympathy for me + I really have little for myself, but this I know, you will ask God to help me - not to relieve me, but to help me. To think that pain like this will all he wasted is almost too much + I do feel I am wasting it. I am trying to abandon myself, but it's only a word as I don't seem to know how it is even done.

You might as well know the worst. Right now I'm not smiling - I couldn't smile. I've smiled all week + I'm weak enough to take a vacation for five minutes. I'll smile again presently when I get my breath. More than that is a physical impossibility.

I don't dare write more as I'd say too much. So bless me + pray for me. I still will + desire.

Sincerely in Christ

Agnes.

HOLY FAMILY ACADEMY
BEAVERVILLE, ILLINOIS

November 9, 1944

J. M. J.

Dear Rev. Father:

Thank you for the messages I so frequently receive from you through others. I have had Rev. Mother's permission for some time to write you, but writing is still a great source of suffering to me. But I know you understand that affliction also. With His help I shall send you a long letter for Christmas — it will take me that long at least. I can count on you as on Him to bear with me in patience.

The enclosed Mass stipends are sent by Mother Viator, who requests, at your convenience, a Mass be said for an increase of Divine Love and of mutual love among our Sisters in this

Dat vile –

Postmark Nov. 12, 1944

To the dear Brother my Jesus has given me – It is raining and my soul is weeping too. All day I have been so heart-broken about the terrible suffering in the world. I have been begging our dearest Lord to stop it all, to listen to my unworthy prayers and bring peace to his poor children – oh, why is Jesus deaf to my pleadings? – why does he not listen to the prayers of so many holy souls sacrificing their lives and pleading with him for mercy – I would hate to be any homelier than I am or any more repugnant to others but if it would bring peace then I give myself to God to suffer in what ever way he wishes me to suffer – I shudder from more pain or sickness because I have so much I can hardly stand it my body is wracked with pain & sickness and my soul is so torn with sorrow that I think I can stand no more but you know dearest brother if Jesus would come back to me I could stand much more I think it is because he hides and I am all alone – oh God of all love what can I do – how can I make you listen to me You don't know how the devil torments me now, he is again spoiling everything – I am like a lost soul & do not know where to turn – I am packing to-nite – I know what is in Isabel's heart, she is so disturbed she hardly knows what she says – but I am packing & will leave her as soon as possible – I don't know where I am going – I am like a ship at sea drifting, drifting – where? For several days I have been tortured by that vision of the pope landing at St. Monica & running up the hill – I pray and pray so God will take care of us – we are such trusting foolish people when I had that vision I begged our dearest Lord to keep & protect us & I understood he would but why am I thinking now – of course it is only the recollection – but we must pray hard –

yesterday when my pains were pretty bad I thanked my Jesus for letting me suffer a little with him — he probably lets me suffer this way so I won't forget how he suffered - he knows how careless and selfish I am so he just loves me enough to look out for my soul —
I was crying as I was packing because I have many heartaches tonite - I wonder if you would understand to have someone you love hurt you terribly - the only comfort is that I knew long ago it was coming & I knew when it came it would hurt terribly, but again my Jesus has permitted it so I love no one but him — how he must love our poor souls — and how wonderful he is to give each one of us the right medicine - there is only one thing I'd do differently if I were God - knowing how he loves to be loved, I would visit each soul, each day, with a burning dart of love so great that all petty feuds and troubles would vanish and nothing would remain but a love so great that the entire world would be consumed in it, then there would be no room for evil - Faith is a magnificent virtue but we are such poor frail souls or father is it only I who am so weak that Jesus must show himself to me to make me believe? oh, would that I could love him more and that all souls who love him & know him not loved him, even as little as I do - then no one would willfully hurt his sacred heart. I think you are very close to him and I believe he loves you with a divine love - we all need help and encouragement and you my dear sweet brother need a great deal cause you must help others - and you'll probably have many struggles and hurt aches before he takes you home

no load is too heavy or no burden too great to carry for him — the devil is such a cunning devil that he will try to give you the wrong start in life but just tell him to get to H. as quick as he can go — & he will always try to make you believe you could serve God better elsewhere — just any old thing in a new guise to take one's mind from God — I know the old boy pretty well — he will resort to any cunning — I am praying for you so Jesus makes you so humble that you will forget yourself so completely that your audience will disappear (or rather that you will not be conscious of an audience) & you will speak only of his magnificent love — God bless you my dearest Brother & Father — & may Jesus carry you far on the wings of his love and mercy — may you impart to others the fire which consumes your own loving heart — I wish I could speak and tell you the things in my soul — I just cannot find words with which to express myself —

It is awful when one is so much at a loss to express their innermost thoughts — their clear vision of a loving omnipotent God who orders all things in heaven and earth to work together for his honor and glory — I want to tell you many thing but cannot find words with which to express myself —

Yesterday I had business downtown & went over to Burbank met Mr. Flora Bufo. she was lovely & most gracious to me Did you see that button she had on her cape? or did Jesus tell you? You know you are bit the nick on the head oftener than you realize — I don't know why I have written you this way — Sure am, I feel much better mentally & spiritually — I wish I could go to heaven I am so mixed up. I don't know why my Jesus takes so much trouble with me — if I can only help some poor soul that is all that matters

Father, beg God to direct me as to what I should do - a friend in San B. would me but wont pay much - I am leaving Isobel for various reasons - she does not know yet or I may go back to San - you have helped me so much and I know God will listen to you - I want to do only his will & ask him to keep me fairly well -

Father, I hope you are well = and I'll pray very hard for your welfare and happiness and for your dear Mother and folks - I know how her heart aches - & I wont forget my new brother Joseph - so God will increase his virtues - humility & patience - with his eloquence

Good by for this am -

humbly, your unworthy

Mary -

P.S. Returning your books under seperate cover - hope they reach you safely -

will write to Leah today

Wednesday Night – Nov 15

1944

Dear Father Aloysius,

I so want to share with you the happiness you prophesied + yet the further I go along my way to God the more speechless I become. It's all in my note-book, very briefly but easy enough for one like you to read between the lines. And I so want you to see that note-book + yet I do not want to send it until I am coming so you can return it. Each new day is a day of moment + until it passes – as it most surely will pass – I want to retain in writing a tiny bit of the glory.

The union you are hoping for has not come, at least not as you have defined it, but my soul, (I thought today) lies open before God as one big wound of love + each time He touches it the wound widens + deepens + throbs with the love. Pain, peace, glory, love! the sensible presence of Christ dwelling within me for several days. Only one possible prayer – Christ' own prayer! Only one desire, one urge, one command from Him – to lose myself utterly in Him. To forget myself – my every desire, my misery, myself – to sink deeper + deeper into Him that my nothingness be filled with Him.

just as you have instructed me & tried to lead me, now He trys to show me, & that is complete abandonment, severe interior mortification. This can only be accomplished by forgetting self entirely & praying united to Christ in my soul, in every Tabernacle & in every mass.

I am torn & very weary by the intensity within me. My frail health has staggered beneath it & even had to take extra rest & extra care. My thoughts - because of the terrible weariness tonight - are not as clear cut as they should be. I am only conscious of the terrible wound of love God has torn in my soul - yes, even physically conscious. If I could only lose myself entirely in Him I would not suffer so, but so far & no farther may I go & I have no regrets. His will is all that can possibly matter. I neither try nor desire to ease any of it, but quietly & patiently move under His impulse.

Oh Father, to some I might try to express my gratitude to God for His wonderful mercy. To you, it is unnecessary, as you must already know. But while God is so close - close enough to guide my pen - I beg you to help me mortify myself - I thank you for what you have already done, & it is very much. I lay my soul more completely in your hands than ever before with complete confidence & deep humility. Thank you for the prayers that have won me so much & while I'm on the subject let me tell you that the light has been given me to know that you

would not be able to pray for me unless what you prayed for was also God's will. Knowing this + also knowing that you do pray for me is a very great consolation. -you can never tell me too often that God is calling me to sanctity as it gives me great courage + confidence. Do I pray for your intentions? How can I help it as I am praying exactly as you pray - for God's own intentions? Besides that you often are very close to me when God is the closest + I thank Him for you + ask Him to repay your charity to me. At such times I am humbled deeply at the many silly things I have said + done that in the light of God's penetrating light are so tawdry + they have seemed so to you when they occurred. All that, however, past present + future I tear from me and plunge deep into God. Forget them all Agnes - everything - blot every disturbing thought, even every happy memory out of your memory so that God may fill your every fiber.

I hope this will give you a moments extra pleasure + that you ask Him to purify me completely - regardless of the cost, - not for my sake but for His sake because my love of Him seems so boundless that I wither + die because I cannot + do not die to myself.

I'll call you Friday because you told me to + because I hope to see you soon. If I do not it is excellent mortification, so don't hesitate to say "No".

Most Gratefully + Obediently

Agnes Bidwell

Claretian Missionaries
104 Roanoke Street
San Marcos, Texas, Nov. 15, 1944

Querido Consuegro: Acabo de enterarme con honda pena de la defunción de su buen hermano Ygnacio que ha cerrado sus ojos en la encantadora población de Yorre desde también nosotros abrimos los ojos a la luz primera é ignoramos donde nos será dado cerrarlos a la luz postrera. Mi más sentido pésame por la sensible pérdida, si así se puede llamar la muerte del justo. Mis oraciones acompañan a su cristiana alma, por si las necesita; y a V. R. conceda el cielo la más cumplida resignación a los adorables designios del Señor que, por ley general, gusta de probar duramente a sus fieles servidores para del todo limpiarlos de la menor mancha terrena y levantarlos a las puras cumbres de la santidad.

Frater, oremus pro invicem ut salvi fiamus.

S. S. S. in C. Mariis
F. Guarrigaga, C.M.F.

Thurs a.m.

NOV 16 1944

Father dear, I have two special intentions — very urgent and important — may I humbly beg you to speak to our Lord about them — you are so good and pure and close to God — pray awfully hard for me — I got a letter from Sr. V. yesterday — a lovely letter — I had asked her for plans I had made years ago — at the end of her letter she told me not to depend on what M. Abbess said, "11 mo." because she was quite sure Mother had no intention of making a new foundation — she wants some miracle - but won't tell me what — when I was writing to Sr. V. last nite my Jesus said, and her (Mother Abbess) one of your curls — with my love and yours - so I cut one off and sent it this a.m. I told her to look at it and then burn it — but I just sent it cause we love her — I don't know what she will think I hope she takes it the right way — Father,

when I hear of holy souls who are so close to God it makes me shrivel up — all I can claim is that I do love him with all my heart and I feel so abject, so insignificant, so utterly unfitted that I do not know what to do — I feel so false and hypocritical — I know the evil one tries to throw me into despair to take my mind and heart from God — father dear pray hard for me — beg God to help me & give me strength to the end = I shall to disappoint you but I am afraid I shall not be able to finish picture for 21st and our Lady has not helped me so far — I am very much upset — I am packing. I don't know where I am going or what I am going to do but I am not staying here a minute longer than I can help — ask God to help me sell my things at a good price so I can pay Isabel what I feel I owe her — God will listen to you — she has been so good to me — she gets terribly blue & worried — I am only telling you this so you will pray extra hard — just tell our Jesus to help me out of this jam & with his grace I'll never get into another — it does

not pay to accept favors from friends their intentions are good but like everyone else they get their depressing moments, circumstances change and they do not know how to face or meet the changes — such is the case with Isobel — she will not be happy until she gets her store and I know that even tho I would try to rent it she would not accept my money cause in her heart she no longer wants me. She does not realize this herself but my Jesus told me several months ago that as soon as she had all she wanted I would have to go regardless of her protestations of love and friendship — she really is sincere, her heart wants to help me but her head tells her she should get rid of me as soon as possible — my Jesus told me before I came here — yet I came — I held off for 6 months at least, then let her persuade me to come — she is a lonely

person has been wonderfully kind to me — but it must come to an end. These things sometimes hurt terribly — Jesus has said many times, until I do his will I shall have no peace or success I do not know to what he refers unless it be a house of poor Clares — some times I believe I'll start a house - a refuge for poor misunderstood, extraordinary souls. Sr. Veronica writes me of another Mary Alice "the little Seraph" — age 35, looks like sixteen, very sweet & beautiful. has the crown of thorns, plays daily with the child Jesus has entered 3 or 4 convents & sent away from all she is now in a fifth — she is one of 14 children — so God's darlings have a pretty hard time too — she also wrote of Mrs. Brennan & Mrs Wise — thank God I do not have any thing that bleeds or shows - it would be that much harder - perhaps I am a coward — I don't mind you or Fr. Dane but others expect such great perfection and I am so far from being a saint.

humbly, in corde Jesu Mary. good-by father

Shape you are well — I am much better

Confessor - Sanctus!

Nov. 7th - 1944

Sunday Night

Dear Father,

Thank you for that lovely, lovely, visit. You were so at ease - so human + still very supernatural. You teased me + let me tell you how I felt about some things too. It's funny that I don't flinch but fire right back like I had no humility + little docility. I used to worry about that + Fr. Paulinus explained it one day - that by nature I was not the blindly obedient type that would go shaved on my head in public for no reason other than I was told to. Oh, I'd do it either as mortification or a pure act of obedience, but that would be a reason. I don't mean to be so difficult, but the better I understand the more I love God + there is a driving, tearing force bigger than I am in me that wants God. And thank you for seeing that, for understanding my letters, my phone calls + my visits. That has always been my biggest humiliation - that excess of anxiety! But I can't seem to curb it sufficiently. God always says - "It mortifies + humbles you - it makes an utter fool out of you. Be humble enough to do it + I will

help you". He always makes me do it + He always gives me the promised help. That's what I've been trying to make you see since the first day I saw you. It isn't that Father Madden "pampered" me, it was, (as he still insists) that he encouraged me to be humble enough to have the weakness of my soul to him. He did of course lean down to me very gently as his smallest child - but then I needed it, then God wanted me to have it. I love Fr. Madden very deeply - I always will. He had patience with me when few would have had it. He has little anymore for me because he is no mystic + only because he isn't. He's very holy + very close to God. His mistakes have always been made in his zeal for God's glory. His "prudence" has been questioned because people misunderstood his motives. He + I are very close in God + I believe I understand him even better than he understands me. That is not spoken in pride but in complete simplicity. I can criticize him or contradict him even to his face, but I'd die for him tomorrow, as he's loyal + true + he has always believed in me + would stand by me in any emergency while everyone else walked away. I don't mean you - present company is always excepted. It hurt him to lose me, it hurt me to give him up - yet he sent me to you because he knew God wanted it + I came for the same

reason. Now, whenever I get weak & tempted he is as austere as you are & encourages me to a perfect & absolute submission to you in everything. Yes, & sometimes his heart bleeds for me as he knows better than anyone my tender spots. So in him you have an ardent advocate & I have a very true friend. Forgive this authorst!

To day you didn't have time to finish my notes, so I cut them out (the ones I think you didn't read) & am sending them along. They will show you how God anticipated your inspiration to guide me to simple adoration. It is really nothing new to me, but is increasing in light & knowledge. My two most consoling methods of prayer have ever been the very two you spoke of - "Confession & Sanctus" - practicals, adoring, - contrite, love. Often I spend the whole time of prayer just on "Sanctus."

Of myself I can do nothing, but if I die the space I fill so abominably in the mystical body can be filled with Christ. To clearify my idea Christ Himself let me feel Him & let me love myself in Him & by experience I learned a great deal. Please pray that it may ever widen & deepen until I cease to exist & live only in Him.

Please! you made me feel very small today by telling me how direct I was in my questioning. How I made you prefare

for my nieces. I like you best when you treat me more like a child + less like a pupil. I'm not so intelligent - much less so than formerly. I know very little about anything - I just want the one thing worth having + my love is much greater than my curiosity thanks to the abundance of grace given me. You are the only person I could trust completely that has been capable of giving me mystical answers - I'm so thrilled to have you that I've probably fired them fast + furious at you. Forgive me, + please relax! I want your love of God much more than your theology. I only want to practice the theory, not write a theology book.

You've helped me so much + thank you. Yes, I'm stronger - stronger because I'm suffering more than before. My love has deepened + my trust is truer + my abandonment is beginning to have a glimmer of hope. I won't analyze however - that's you're job. I have only to prostrate myself before the throne of the Triune God + offer Christ my Savior in adoration + to become ever more conscious of my misery + nothingness in the light of His holiness. How can we ever pray except on our faces, I have often wanted to know? All that's beautiful, all that's good in me is His - the rest is all mine. Yes, that's what I know now. I don't just tell myself that, it is the only truth

there is. Believe me that God has infused that knowledge into my soul & I pray & beseech Him daily to burn it there with His Divine branding iron. I get no pride from being a mystic. It has always humiliated me not to be like those around me — good people, who need only faith to guide them. It has scared me as I feel so weak, so pitifully unworthy, & I have been such a terrible enemy of God's. I'm to be pitied — not canonized. I never did anything to merit the least grace — on the contrary. God's love has separated me from those who loved me most — it has hurt others though me & made of my life one of misunderstanding & oddity. People now look to me for virtue & I scandalize them a thousand times a day & I writhe in agony before God — helpless in my misery.

I believe after today that you & I understand each other better & I'm glad I have insisted on being entirely open with you even to the point of brutality. I've always been like that — it makes me feel safe, as I hide nothing from you. I know I'm disconcerting, but I just can't "pretend" very well — I'm just "me" with much room for improvement.

Although it's night in my soul, it is only night because love burns too brightly for my weak eyes. I truly suffer an agony of love & there is only God — nothing else — nothing at all.

Deeply grateful
Agnes.

(over)

Monday Morn

I am still before the Bl. Sac. & have just emerged from a prayer that has satisfied every longing of my soul. It seems to me that wrapped in Christ I have adored. Last in self-bent humility in adoration & profound humility I knew union & utter forgetfulness of all but "sanctus" & all it means. This was union. I have no doubt & to say I am not worthy does not even touch the humility of my soul. I can only adore.

Do you, my Father join me in my hymn of praise & thanksgiving for His infinite mercy to less than nothing.

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If I do not return to San B.,
I'll go back to San — pray God
to direct me —

I thank you for your kindness
and your prayers

May our sweet mother
and her baby bless and
love you ever —

your unworthy,
Mary.

I hope you will like your
picture — it could have been
done long ago were it not
for conditions here —
mother sent me $200 today
I am giving Isabel $150 & will
keep fifty for moving & getting
settled some place. If I could
keep it all I'd move to L. Beach
get a shack and live there
but by giving it to her I'll
be a trifle independent — I'll
pay her the balance as I earn
it. I hope I have learned a
lesson I'll never forget.
When I say a thing I mean
it, but I find others say
many things and do not
mean them — perhaps some day
I'll get it thru my thick head

Nov 20 1954

3863 Jasmine Ave
Culver City - Calif.

Father Dear, I just got Mum talking to you — I was so glad to hear your voice, sometimes I get so filled up that I want to cry and I haven't cried for a long time - excepting once or twice recently —

I am leaving here by the 1st if possible - I don't know where I am going — but God will fix that — he generally does — I haven't told Isabel yet — last nite I could not sleep, the pain in my hands and feet is so bad and today they are pretty bad again the center of my hands and also my feet just a big spot —

Fr. if you choose write us or write (?) mum write the and you may come — then send to Glass Modoc & Paul & children.
Glass c/o P.O. Box 2 Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo Co. California

P.S. 6+4

Tues nite

Nov 28 1944 Postmark

Father dear,

Just a few lines to ask you to pray specially hard for me tomorrow. I'm going back to the San Fran. nite – but I haven't yet found a place to move to – there is a place, a garage that I would like very much to get but the lady is away & I did want to move bag & baggage by the 1st – I rec'd a letter from Sr. M. Flora today offering me a job in their supply room preparing & sterilizing bandages – pay much less than I now get & no maintainance – however, I could get along & would love to go so I could be near the B. Sac. but there is no place to move to – & I already promised to go to San – I could get a room at hospital – but I have pack and Furniture – & I don't want to dispose of things yet –

I miss not seeing you for so long father – but I'll soon be away from here & then I hope I can see you more often – I still have a very bad cold – so I am at a stand still

How are you father – is all well with you? I pray our dearest Lord daily to bless you and reward you for all your goodness to me – Surely our dear Baby Jesus will by his birthday –

Please pray for Bobbie — I just cant understand her lately — I know that she is very much worried — & I just cant understand those P.C.C's — !!!

Did you ever hear of people having thorns under their toe-nails — about 7 years ago I had one that drove me almost crazy with pain it lasted three months — one nite when the pain was so bad I felt I could no longer stand it I decided to find out what was wrong I dug & dug beneath my great toe nail only to find a white thorn which required a couple hrs. to remove — it went below the quick tonite I tried to get one out of my right foot & the other nite one from my left foot they are like this ▷ pure white like ivory — & they hurt like no body's business & leave a deep round red hole when I pull them out — I never saw such things before — I always have to have something queer — I hope they dont return for another 7 years.

Good nite Father dear, I'll try and see you soon in the meantime pray awfully hard for me —

humbly, Mary

Father dear, I just spoke to you over phone - Billie is a sweet kid
was educated by the Dominicans - married out of church and
divorced - She is very devoted to my neighbor, a mormon who
has a catholic child - Mrs. S. has practically adopted her -
nothing can be done about that but she needs help and a
certain party in the neighborhood is not very gracious
towards sinners - You are so sweet and kind I know
you will listen to her story and help her - I expect she
will soon be in movies - they are working toward that
end - Bobbie is an actor -

You dont know how much I thank you for your prayers
I could'nt say much because I was in the store & some
customers came in - but I thank you with all my heart
I can't understand I. I would almost say she hates me at
times - there is something I feel but cannot express -
I told her this am. that I am leaving - this week or next
She made no comment but asked me why I would not
have jack put to sleep and go to hospital where some

Sam beyond hurt, but no one but our dear Lord knows what it has cost me to live here this year — she is very erratic and changeable — otherwise a very fine character — I have never know anyone change as she has — we are still friends I still get dinner from her but that's all in a few days I shall be gone — don't mention her to Billie cause she or no one knows anything — the wisest thing is to part the best of friends — I am only telling you — the picture is very pretty but I have been too ill to touch it — I can't seem to get well — & I must go to work Fri nite — I am praying to get garage in neighborhood of Sam — it seems fairly favorable tho'

If all goes well I'll see you between 1 and 2 on Sunday but please take Billie first so if you have to leave it will be all right with me — it was lovely to hear your voice today — thank you so much dear Father —

gratefully & humbly

Mary

Love our dearest Lord for
me at the Holy Sacrifice.
what a privilege is yours —

Sun Nite NOV. 21 1944

Sister dear, How are you? It's so long since I have seen you or spoken to you — I could go and see you tomorrow but I have a very bad cold and I think it's wisest to stay home — I am going back to the Sun on the 1st. I know I'm crazy to go cause it's a hard job in some ways but I'm up a tree and scarcely know which way to turn — I think I have gotten to the bottom of Isobel's change of heart towards me — she is just as kind in some ways but lavish with hints — I wrote mother (I'll explain all when I see you) who sent me 200 — I gave one fifty of that to Isobel and I am signing my soul away for half a year to get a loan from the Sun to give her another hundred — then I'll leave her if possible on the 1st or 8th with a clear conscience $250.00 will pay her well for anything she has done for me — I should have listened to my angel when he told me not to come here in the ~~fist~~ first place — he never lies — I think Isobel is being influenced by

I saw Mother Flora Mary she is very concerned
Jesus has not yet come back to me but he responds
me of his suffering all the time my head has
been terrible for days and my hands and feet still
have intense pain — I just offer it all for the
welfare of the church and the intentions of his
divine Heart — what I suffer makes little difference
just so I am pleasing to him and help some poor
soul — I am glad I no longer know anything —
it simplifies things — Has our dear Lord helped you
in anyway? — he knows I love you and I want him
to help you — I am also asking him to give you
that place next door as an Xmas gift — he never
refused me anything & now he just wont listen
if he does I don't know about it —
God bless you Father dear — I'll try & see
you soon in the mean time please talk
to Jesus for me — humbly — Mary

Confiteor – Sanctus!

Nov 29, 1944

My Dear Father,

I have a rare moment of solitude which I am enjoying to the fullest + during which I will write you a "few" lines.

I have been burdened by many external things all week + have found that I fail badly in preserving my recollection when I have too much to do. However I think most of my trouble is simply the terrible dryness + helplessness that is given me to endure rather than my own lack of good will.

Monday morning at the moment of my Holy Communion I made my vows to grow in virtue. The Lord had given me much grace to prepare for it + it was a very sweet experience. He made the whole day a feast day for me + enlightened + illumined my understanding + will greatly. All day He urged me to an ideal of "total penance". Penance of will, + of body – humility of heart. Ashes on my head – burning adoration in my heart. Confiteor + Sanctus! Penance, sweetly + peacefully done,

but my ideal is to be the total penance of love + He also made it quite clear that I was to inform you that it is His wish

As you know, I have felt for sometime an unsatisfied longing for deep humility, for self-imposed humiliation + interior mortification, (regardless how I react when I get it - the longing still remains). Also for over six months from time to time the desire has come to make a general confession - simply + solely for the self-abasement it would cause me, not from any worry nor scruple whatsoever. It would be a pure act of love + humility. It has been a year + a half since I have made one, + that one was only the second in the last six years that I have been seriously trying to please God. It resulted in very great grace for me + though it didn't take me long I spared myself nothing at all. In fact the things I most shrunk ~~shrinked~~ from mentioning were the things I made myself tell. Fr. Madden heard it + although he already knew my story thoroughly I found, (as he said I would find), that that fact didn't ease my own confusion very much.

Now, since my experience of Monday the desire for another general confession

has deepened until I want it very much. It will be painful to me but the pain seems very sweet as I believe it would please God & be one way of helping Him to give me what He seems to be trying to give me of late - humility. I feel it is my part of receiving the grace He wills to give me.

First of course I must have your permission. Then there is another problem I can't quite figure out. I want to make it to Fr. Madden & I am wondering if I do only to spare my own self respect. If so I want to be told. My reasons for not wanting to do it to you are these -: the story is a most nasty & ugly one & I feel it would only pain & disgust you. You can know in general that it is all that, but to have to sit & listen to it in detail I think would be a greater penance for you than for me. Then too, I might be tempted to hold back a bit of it from you (I doubt that I would, but I'd be tempted), whereas Fr. Madden has gotten it all over a period of years & that temptation is eliminated.

At any rate I am hoping you will let me do it to somebody & I leave the choice of confessor to you. All that I want - & weigh

this consideration well in making your decision — is to do what God wills & do, & in doing it to spare myself not at all but to receive the fullest possible measure of humiliation from it.

It's odd Father, but I have a feeling of growth — a feeling of being on the verge of a new spiritual era of some sort & of wanting to begin it by a humble review of my past life. To me it seems to be the "Confiteor" of my ideal, & God, after I have said my "Confiteor" thoroughly, will Himself say my "Sanctus". By His grace the Confiteor is all mine & by the same token the Sanctus is all His. In Him, with Him & through Him is all glory. In me is only sin. Do you see?

Someday next week I'll call you & if it is possible at your end of the line you may be able to give me your answer. I'm in no hurry one way or the other. In the meantime I shall keep myself united with our Lord before the throne of God as best I can even trying to feel my nothingness while I allow my heart to burn with love & adoration. I am also trying to increase my interior penance & to pick up just a little of the corporal penance I have let slide, as I feel I have been

too self-indulgent in the matter. The salutary sting of the lash has always kept my heart humble + my love burning, but I think the devil gave me such a severe time over it that he left a deep psychological fear in me that I simply must overcome. I'll not kill myself, (you need have small worry of that), but I can + should be doing much more than I am. Something I have not mentioned to you and which will not surprise you, is that I often have as much or more trouble with my body during prayer as I do with penance. It is becoming less often + less violent + I pay no slightest attention to it other than reject it + renounce it + keep right on praying. That too, I once did not understand + it worried me — now I understand + can handle it. From some of the things I have told you you might think me a highly sexed passionate woman. Strangely enough, I am not. The fire of the flesh never gave me the least trouble until the last few years. Part of it is a physical thing but the greater part by far has been the storm the devil has caused.

I must close, so please pray very much for me that God have His way in me. In deep gratitude

Agnes.

Nov. 30. 1944

Nov — 30th

Dear Fr. Aloysius —

Isabel was desperate Sat nite when she called you — she tried so hard to get Dr — finally I said, I wish I did not live so for poor Fr. Dave I would call him cause he always made me well — so she said how about Fr. Aloy? — I did not want to mention you, so I said all right but its pretty late — I do not know whether you got her message but in less than 1/2 hr. I suddenly became well — she would not believe me when I said I was well — my temp was hovering around 103 & 4 the pain in my head, heart hands & feet was almost more than I could bear — I really felt I would just have to die that I could stand no more — I do not know what was wrong — but in the depths of my

some I felt I was sick for some reason — anyway I offered it all to my Jesus for the intention of his Sacred Heart. I should suffer till the end of time for my sins but if there is anything left-over perhaps our dear Lord will use it for some other poor soul —

Thank you for your prayers father dear, 'cause I know they made me well — I'm sorry I was such a calf — I'm awfully weak but perhaps I shall soon regain my strength —

I hope you are well & did not have to suffer for me —

That's Dennis divorce did not come off last so please keep on praying — the lawyers will I hope I'll be strong enough to work tomorrow. I want to do so much — May Jesus bless & love you my father — humbly, mary —